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Letter from John Muir to Louie [Muir], 1880 Aug 3.

John Muir

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C13

Victoria, B. C. Aug. 3^d 1880

3.45, P.M.

Dear Lovie, The Vancouver roses are out of bloom hereabouts but I may possibly find some near Nanaimo. I mailed you a letter yesterday which you will probably receive with this.

Arriving at Esquimaux we hired a carriage driven by a
saweyed & sawlipped negro to take us with all our baggage
to Victoria some 3 miles distant. The horses were also
of melancholic aspect lean & clipper-built in general
but the way they made the fire fly from the glacial
gravel would have made Saint Jose & his jet
besides hide in the dust. By dint of much blood praise
of his team he put them to their wiry springsteel metal
& we passed everything on the road with a whizz Cab Carl
Carriage & Carryall. We put up at the Dravid House
& had a square or cubical meal. Put on a metallic countenance
to the Landlord on account of the money & expence we
carried, nearly scared him out of his dignity & made
him give us good rooms. At 6.45 P.M. The California
arrived, & we went aboard & had a chat with Hughes the
Purser. He at once enquired whether I had anyone

with me, meaning you as Vanderbilt had given
our news. Learned that the Cal. would not
sail until this evening & made up our mind
to take a drive out in the highways &
byways adjacent to the town.

While strolling about the streets last evening
I felt a singular interest in the Thlinket
Indians I met & something like a missionary
spirit came over me. Poor fellows I wish I
could serve them.

There is good eating but poor sleeping here. My
bed was but little like our own at home.

Met Major Morris the Treasury agent this morning.
He is going up with us. He is your remembrance the
writer of that book on Alaska that I brought with
me.

About 9 o'clock we got a horse & buggy at the
livery stable & began our devious drive by
going back to the Dakota to call on 1st Officer
Griffith & give him a box of weeds for his kind
deeds. Then took any road that offered out into
the gum leafy country. How beautiful it is, Every
road banked high & embowered in dense fresh green
tall ferns 6 to 8 ft high close to the wheels, then
spiraea 2 or 3 species, wild rose bushes, Madroño, hazel,
hawthorn, then a host of young Douglas Spruces &



Silver firs with here & there a few
with its red berries & dark foliage,
& a Maple or two, then the tall firs
& Spruces forming the forest primal.

We came to a good many fields
of grain but all of them ^{Victoria, B.C.} small as compared ¹⁸ with
the number of the houses. The oats & barley is
just about ripe. We saw little orchards too
a good many ~~poor~~ little red brown fellows, six
hatfuls per tree, & the queerest little sprinkling
of little red & yellow cherries just beginning to
ripen. Many of the Cottage homes about town
are as lovely as cottage may be, embowered
in honeysuckle & green gardens & bits of lawn
& orchard & grand oaks with lovely outlooks.
The day has been delightful how you would
have enjoyed it all three of you.

Our baggage is already aboard & how I wish
I might I must go, I shall write you
again from Vancouver.

Goodbye again my love
Keep a strong heart & speedily will fly
the hours that bring me back to thee
Love to Mother & Father.

Farewell.
Ever your affectionate husband
John Meiss.